

to distinguish it from any other. The poor emigrants were in their usual squalid attire; neither did the crew rig themselves out as on former Sundays.

All were dispirited, and a cloud of melancholy hung over us.

The poor mistress deplored that she could not get an opportunity of reading her Bible. I pitied her from my heart; knowing how much she felt the distress that surrounded us, and her anxiety to lighten the affliction of the passengers.

Monday, June 21st.

I was surprised at the large allowance of food served out to the sailors. They had each 1 1-2 lbs. of beef, or pork, daily, besides coffee, and as much biscuit as they pleased; but it being a temperance vessel, they had no grog, — in lieu of which they got lime-juice. However, there was a little cask of brandy in a corner of the cabin; but the captain was afraid to broach it, knowing the mate's propensity. I noticed the latter often casting a wistful glance at it as he rose from dinner; and he did not fail to tell me that it was the best possible preventive against the fever.

Tuesday, June 22nd.

One of the sailors was unable for duty, and the mate feared he had the fever.

The reports from the hold were growing even more alarming, and some of the patients who were mending, had relapsed. One of the women was every moment expected to breathe her last, and her friends, — an aunt and cousins, — were inconsolable about her; as they persuaded her to leave her father and mother, and come with them. The